

what if i told you i loved you with a kiss from a tiktok trend? Hahaha...unless?

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what if i told you i loved you with a kiss from a tiktok trend? Hahaha...unless?

by [Qekyo](#)

Summary

George is in denial. Dream wants to do a face reveal. And Sapnap just wants both of his friends to stop pining over each other already.

So he decides to do something about it, but with a twist.

(or the self indulgent dnf fic that's super rushed bc I'm cramming)

Notes

OK SO YEAH I FINALLY FINISHED IT.

this has been sitting in my drafts ever since Loh, so I decided to finish and post it during my 2 hour online pe class bc I have terrible time management skills. You guys will most definitely be able to see the decline in quality further on, I was mostly bullshitting my way thru this all while hoping wouldn't get caught--

so yeah, have this super fluffy, self indulgent fic about Dream and George if they did the electric love tik tok trend.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George doesn't know why he likes Dream so much.

Annoyingly so, George stubbornly admits.

It's easy to fall so deeply infatuated with him. From his wheezy, tea kettle laughs that echo across the barren land that is George's heart. To the way, his eyes crinkle into semi crescent moons, his cheeks, freckled with dozens of little stars. His eyes themselves, cosmos, and milky ways compressed into tight galaxies that cause his feelings to rupture like a supernova.

Even when he shouldn't be. Even when it seems so wrong, yet feels so right-- liking Dream is easy.

It's irritating, falling so deep and hard for an oblivious idiot like him. Yet, he finds it somewhat masochistic, how he likes to feel the tenderness of being so hopelessly in love with such a handsome, kind, endearing idiot like him. It's so easy.

To fall for such an oblivious idiot like Dream.

And be in *such* denial over it.

They're in Florida, visiting their friend for a week and having fun together while eating in some suburban restaurant near Dream's house when he suddenly says.

“I want to do a face reveal.”

Maybe it's the way he says it, so seriously monotonous that catches both George and Sapnap off guard. They both whip their heads upwards to stare at Dream with both a mix of shock and concern.

“Guys, don't look at me like that. We all knew it was gonna happen soon.” Dream states flatly, grimacing at the way George's jaw clenches and Sapnap's eye furrow. He's dismissive though, waving his hand through the air as he continues. “I'm almost to 10 million subs, with that many people watching they're bound to figure it out one way or another.”

“Are you sure dude?” Sapnap asks, being the nice friend he is. He looks more openly scared about it, while on the other hand, George just looks mildly uncomfortable.

Dream doesn't miss a beat. “Yeah.”

Sapnap still looks shocked but doesn't question it. George on the other hand, someone who over analyses practically *everything* related to Dream, can hear the smallest bit of a quiver in his voice.

George can tell Dream is scared.

“You don't have to force yourself.” George whispers, he whispers in hopes that nobody can hear the vulnerability left in his voice. The worrying feeling he has for Dream is eating him up inside.

Dream looks at George, with that earnest and gentle look that takes George's breath away. “I'm not, I promise.”

George's resistance is futile by now. He knows that as much as he knows the look in Dream's face when he wants to do something. That intense, fiery passion that sparks itself in his eyes that instantly makes the words in George's mouth fall flat.

God, he's so whipped.

“Ok lovebirds, stop having eye sex.” Sapnap interrupts crudely, with his loud and teasing voice. George sputters. “Now Dream, how will you do this supposed face reveal.”

The fire in Dream's eyes is instantly washed away the moment Sapnap says that. His gaze crestfallen and sullen, hands fidgety in the pockets of his jeans, lips pressed into a thin line as he stares at both of them with a wary expression.

"I-- uh-- haven't thought that far ahead yet," he mutters stiffly, cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

George tries, he tries *very* hard not to grin. While beside him, Sapnap is hacking out a lung with how much he's laughing.

"Oh my god Dream!" Sapnap yells in between loud guffaws. "You were-were so serious too!"

George's resolve finally breaks, and a carefree smile beams his face like sunlight. "You're so stupid, Dream."

Dream's cheeks flame up in dusty pink. After years of being hidden behind a screen, George is starting to find out how expressive Dream really is. When he's happy, he jumps in his seat and yells as if it's the end of the world. When he's sad or anxious, he bounces his leg or fidgets with his hands. And now, George knows that when he's embarrassed, he flushes the most adorable shade of pink, and his ears and neck turn red, and--

"George?"

"Yeah?"

He's secretly glad that his train of thought is interrupted by Sapnap, comically waving a hand in front of his face.

"We were asking you what's a good way to have Dream's face reveal," Sapnap states with a teasing tone in his voice. He hates how observant his friend is, with the knowing look in his eye basically taunting George.

George is sputtering for an answer, his mind a literal clusterfuck as all his brain cells try to make a somewhat coherent answer. All while Dream looks at him with his stupidly pretty eyes, and hair annoyingly pretty blonde hair, and--

“George? Are you alright?” Dream asks, the same stupidly pretty eyes looking at him worriedly.

“Yeah yeah, don’t worry about me.” He coughs, trying to hide the miserable crack in his voice. Beside him, Sapnap is snickering like some sort of discounted gremlin.

“No, no, it's cool, Dream. George loves it when you worry over him.” The Texan man announces loudly.

George proceeds to kick Sapnap’s shin under the table. Sapnap doesn’t stop snickering though, now they just turned into full out gasps of uncontrollable laughter. George quickly glances over to Dream. Who unsurprisingly looks unbothered, prompting instead to laugh with Sapnap as if George’s miserable pining was some sort of inside joke.

George crosses his hands over his chest, jutting his lip out in a pout. “Stop it.”

Sapnap’s laughter roars across the restaurant, gaining the attention of the other patrons eating. “Awww, but you’re so cute when you’re mad, George.” He teases relentlessly.

Dream’s wheezy laugh follows after. Annoying to everyone else, but strangely endearing to George. “Yeah George. You’re so--”

He cuts himself off. Catching the words that were about to fall out of his mouth. There’s a short beat of silence before a warm chuckle cascades out of his lips. Fond and secretive. He sends George a tender look over his shoulder, gentle and intimate, and-- *gone* as quick as it came.

You’re so

Fucking confused that's what.

The rest of the day goes on, with George and Sapnap laughing jovially as they tread through the streets of bustling Orlando. It goes on, without the well-hidden dread that looms over Dream like a rain cloud. It goes on, and on, and he just can't wait to pass out on his bed and *not* think about it.

When they finally get back into the warm, familiar threshold of his house, Sapnap goes first.

The Texan man releases a loud, obnoxious yawn. He grins gleefully before collapsing onto Dream's couch in the living room. Instantly falling asleep on impact onto the cozy fabric.

Dream turns over to George, whose figure is slouched over and stifling a quiet yawn. He looks oddly irritated when tired.

"The guest bedroom is by the end of the hall."

George nods, he mutters a soft goodbye before waddling past Dream and into the corridors of his home. Dream gives a wistful smile when he hears the closing of the door reverberating across the house.

The thoughts don't stop, even when he's on his bed, trying his best to fall asleep. But it feels as if the rain cloud above his head has turned into a full-blown storm. It's gusts of wind, forming into a deadly hurricane that sweeps up his thoughts and blows them out of proportion. When the pitter-patter of rain gets too heavy, and loud, it consumes him whole.

He's scared.

Actually no, fuck that. He's *terrified*.

"I want to do a face reveal."

The eyes of millions of people burn into the back of his head, letting him know constantly that he is being picked apart every second of the day. They gawk and stare and analyze his actions, like a camera. Always looking for the best part of him to cancel.

Dream groans loudly, slapping his hands on his face in a poor attempt to smack the stupid out of

him. Why is he like this?

He's not pessimistic, he's a realist, is what he always claims. When worse comes to the absolute worse, he does tend to be incredibly negative. When you push through all the pride and confidence he has, all you'll see is just a scared kid, one who's been pushed out into the world of widespread stardom and expected to thrive.

He's a person too, isn't he?

"With that many people watching, they're bound to figure it out anyway."

Dream can't even tell that his breath is ragged and uneven until his chest starts to concave with the ever loading pressure that's suffocating him. His hands, vigorously shaking as they try to clamor onto something to fidget on.

Why is he so scared?

He forces himself to get up on unsteady feet, his knees clicking like silver spoons as they quiver and shake beneath his weight. His eyes heavy, with the promise of sleep crushing upon them. He's painfully aware that he can't however, for he knows that even if he tried, he would just wake up in a pile of cold sweat and anxious thoughts again. Spiraling further into the chasm of negative speculation.

He stumbles into the kitchen. Head hazy and eyes clouded as he makes his way down the corridor. The need to drink something gnawing down his throat.

He hastily fills a cup of water by the dispenser. Gulping it all down in only four gulps. The soothing liquid made its slow descent down his throat. He drinks as if he was a man caught in a desert getting the smallest lick of comfort, and now he was drowning in a sea of its release.

Slowly, the hurricane turns into just a breeze, and the storm just a puddle on the ground. His head is now somewhat clear, clear enough to sort out his thoughts.

They'll always judge you, they'll always have an opinion.

His hands go to his face. Trying to map out every single bit and imperfection. The parts of him people don't want to see, the parts of him that he doesn't want others to notice. His flaws and cracks that seep through his aching confidence and facade. He in reality is just a shadow of the person he paints himself to be. His fear, abysmal.

It is all too poetic. When in simplicity, he knows not everyone is going to like who he is, they fell in love with the persona, not the person.

Everybody always has an opinion, whether good or bad. Dream weighs the bad by a considerable amount. He fears the expectations, the criticisms, the overall view they have of him. No matter what they think of him, they're going to find something wrong with him.

And it fucking scares him.

Since when did his fans scare him?

They really shouldn't scare him. No creator should ever feel pressured. But what can you do when so many human beings want to dissect every single piece of you. From his looks to his relationships, to his *sexuality*--

And what if they don't accept that?

What if they have an opinion on him?

What if--

"Dream?"

A small voice calls within the darkness of his kitchen. Faint and soft, yet all too important to ignore.

He almost forgot George and Sapnap were visiting.

He turns over to the corridor beside him, forcing a tired smile on for George. The smaller man has his hair ruffled, wisps of it sticking out from different angles. His eyes half-lidded, as he sluggishly approaches the kitchen, with light steps so he doesn't awaken Sapnap who's sleeping away tomorrow on the couch.

"Hey, couldn't sleep? I thought you were nocturnal from how late you stream." Dream manages to say, albeit his throat burns and itches. George looks at him with a sour look, his bottom lip sticking out to form a childish pout. Dream chuckles even more.

"I was just getting water. Why are you up?" He inquires softly,

"Same reason."

He watches as George goes over to the cupboard above his stove. Heeling the tips of his toes as he extends his arm full length to the glasses. But ultimately falls *short*.

But since George is a stubborn British man with enough social anxiety as a hormone-filled teenage boy, he doesn't ask for Dream's help in getting a mug that's only out of his reach by a couple of inches. He tips his toes upwards ever so slightly in a futile attempt in getting a glass, as Dream tries his goddamn best not to laugh at him.

"Need a hand? Or a couple of inches?" He offers, his words slightly wheezy from the laugh he's desperately trying to hold back.

George groans loudly. There's a sharp intake of a snore from Sapnap from the couch that instantly makes both of them shut up.

George turns at Dream with the look that can only be described as murderous intent. Dream grins back at him, it's something uncontrollable really. Smiling always came easy when it was with George.

"You're the worst." he declares solemnly. He tries to act as if he's angry, but it falls flat and ends up sounding like he's trying to suppress a smile.

“That’s not helping your case, Georgie.”

George looks back up at Dream, eyes crinkling at their corners, nose scrunched up and eyebrows furrowed. Dream can’t look away.

Somehow when it comes to George, Dream is always fully invested.

In the low light of the kitchen, with Sapnap’s audible snoring in the background and George’s sunken eyes. Dream wouldn’t have asked for anything else other than this moment forever.

--And what if they don’t accept that?

Fuck.

“It’s not my fault every shelf is meant for giants in this house,” George complains in a loud whisper, crossing his arms. Dream *tries* to ignore the fact that George is small enough right for him to fit snugly in his arms, his height a perfect stool for his chin to rest upon his head. He really tries.

Shit.

“Nah, you’re just short.” and ultimately fails.

George makes some incomprehensible sound, probably some whiny groan as Dream reaches above him for the mug. His body pressed against George’s side as he towers over him, stretching his arm.

By the time he hands over a baby blue mug to George, the Brit’s face is a flaming crimson color, his eyes diverted away from Dream’s as he hastily grabs the cup from his hands and marches over to the water dispenser.

Dream hums, leaning on the kitchen counter, focusing on the sound of the water splashing around for a moment before George finally rejoins him on the counter. They both fall into a comfortable silence. With the ambient sounds of Sapnap’s snoring and the cars that pass by outside. Content with just each other’s presence.

“You haven’t said why you’re still awake,” George mutters softly, breaking the undisputed silence. Cradling the soft blue mug in his hands.

Dream spares him a glance. “Do I need to? I don’t really need to recite my sleep schedule to you.”

George gives him a soft chuckle, low and breathy in the quiet serenity of the kitchen at-- *something* am. Time doesn’t matter when it feels as if it has stopped.

The warm-colored hanging headlights that Dream has are now shining onto George, haloing him in this blanket of light, the shadows contrasting his cheekbones and making him seem like this ethereal being that is blessing Dream with his presence.

“Of course not you idiot. It just feels like something bothering you so much that you can’t sleep.” George states plainly. Not as if he just gave the entire reason right there so casually.

Ah yes, the tremendous amount of pressure that haunts him at night clearly doesn’t care about his sleep schedule.

In response to Dream’s suspicious look, he retorts back. “What? It happens a lot to me.”

Dream giggles softly, “Ok then Mr. Mind reader. What do you think I should do then?”

“Besides sleep? Don’t think too much about it really. If this is about the entire face reveal decision then really, it all depends on you.” George stares off into the window by the side of the room as he speaks, “You can’t control your fans' reactions, yeah, but why should they control your decisions?”

And what if--

But how can he whenever there are a thousand ‘*what if’s?*’ that run past Dream’s head at the same speed that rockets are sent to space. And since Dream is a try-hard smartass that overthinks and overcomplicates everything, he has gone through all of those multitudes of *what-ifs?* With meticulous thought and worry. There are so many possibilities that everything can go wrong. And yet--

“Don’t question yourself just because some nobody doesn’t get you, or appreciate you or *love* you” he mutters that part softly, in a quiet, almost degradingly bitter laugh. “Their opinions mean nothing about your value”

The assumptions of millions of people on the internet may affect him, yes. But they are only a grain of salt in comparison to the people he cares about. Is what George is trying to say.

Dream doesn’t even bother hiding the way he looks at George anymore.

His full attention is just focused on the man beside him, nursing a cup of water in his hands as they watch the slow rise of the sun. It feels as if all his worries were just a passing phase. Now he’s got something else.

Just fully entranced by George, how George looks in his kitchen as if he also lives there. As if he belongs with Dream .

Dream may never find words beautiful enough to describe all that George means to him, but he would spend the rest of his life searching for them.

And isn’t that all that matters?

He should not fear his fans. He never should’ve hidden his face as a ploy in the first place. Their opinions are just opinions and Dream has all the facts.

He’s hit by that realization that no matter what he chooses to do. George’s opinion of him is the only one that matters.

“At the end, whatever they think of you or not.” The British man’s gaze breaks from the window silt, and stead rakes itself over Dream. Staring at him with emotion his heart so desperately tries to decipher.

“I’ll still be with you.”

And what if they--

“You promise?” Dream asks breathlessly. He lifts his pinky finger outwards to George, insinuating the permission to bound his word forever.

George laughed, and really that was it. Stans could yell and scream at him all they want. Twitter be damned, the depths and bellows of hell could literally swallow him whole. The world could fall and crumble, and be ash beneath his sunken feet. And George?

George could just *be* there, and everything would be worth it.

He lifts his pinky and hooks it around Dream’s. They both swear on their aching, lovelorn, abysmally oblivious hearts.

“I promise.”

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In the morning, both Dream and George walk into the living room with deep eye bags.

Sapanap glances over to them at the counter on his phone. Scrolling aimlessly through TikTok. As they lazily drag themselves over. Dream looks at the plate of bacon and eggs that form a lopsided smiley face with a dead-eyed look. While Goerge on the other hand shovels the sunny side eggs that Sapanap so graciously prepared, into his mouth.

“What’s with you guys?”

George’s head falls slightly before he shoots back up with an alert look. Dream just continues to eat mechanically.

“We couldn’t sleep because of your snoring.” Dream offers monotonously, nibbling on a piece of charred bacon.

“Hey!” Sapnap yells at him. “I don’t snore that loud!”

George gives a tired laugh. “You so do.”

“I don’t! You guys are just mean!”

Sapnap and George exchange playful banter. Until George slowly turns more and more awake.

“Alright guys, I think I need to catch a couple more z’s.” Dream yawns to prove his statement.

“Ok yeah sure,” Sapnap replies candor as Dream begins to walk back into the corridor. “But what about your face reveal?”

Dream stops in the middle of the corridor, body noticeably tense. Sapnap doesn’t know whether to feel worried or concerned by Dream’s silence. George beside him is audibly holding his breath in anticipation.

“How about you guys? What do you think I should do?” Dream turns to them, arms open in suggestion.

Sapnap’s eyebrows rise to his forehead. “What should we do?”

“Yeah, your suggestions are as good as mine.”

George pipes in. “What about just the normal video?” Dream makes a face as he shakes his head.

“No, I don’t really like doing a normal video. I said in a stream before that if I ever wanted to do a face reveal it would be dramatic, yeah? Make it out there. In Dream fashion.” He waves his hands around in dramatic, pantomime gestures. A lazy smile droops on his face. “Surprise me.”

George huffs a laugh, a cheek splitting smile graces his face. “Dream fashion?”

Dream looks back at him over his shoulder, his lazy smile growing bigger and bigger the more his gaze lingers. “It’s the best fashion.”

They stare at each other for what feels like a second too long, with smiles that cross their faces so broad that it feels as if Sapnap--who is mildly disturbed--was being crushed by it.

Why is it always him that feels like the third wheel when his friends aren’t even in a relationship.

When they’re not even--

“Ok, can you guys like, not? Take your hopeless melodrama elsewhere.” he groans loudly.

George breaks away first, his cheeks tinted scarlet as he sputters curses at Sapnap, while the other grins devilishly at the British man. Dream is either extremely exhausted or just pretends not to see it and goes back down the corridor to his bedroom.

Fuck it. Sapnap’s too much of a good friend to let them do this to themselves.

“*Sapnap.*” George all but screeches the moment Dream is out of hearing range. He would be intimidating, with his face red and his hands clenched into fists- if he wasn’t shorter than him.

He holds him over his head in mock surrender. “George. As your friend, your homie, your brother--”

“Shut up,” George warns again, voice dangerously low and candor.

“It is by my obligation, to make you stop pining for my other homie. Fear not, George! I’ll get you laid in no time--”

“ *Sapnap!* ”

George punches him in the arm. His face a violent crimson, stark against his alabaster skin. Sapanap doesn't even mind the mild burn that the punch George threw at him gave. He's too busy hacking a lung out with his boisterous guffaws while his British companion withers away in embarrassment.

“Oh my god!” he manages even in between deafening bouts of laughter, “You-You guys are so bad at thi-this!”

“I hate you so much,” George growls, crossing his arms and turning away with a bitter pout. “I literally don't know why I'm friends with such a dumbass.”

Apparently, that triggers something within his Texan friend that makes him laugh even harder, by this point George is just concerned at how much strain his lungs are going through when he's doubling over in laughter. Soon enough, he laughs to the point where he chokes on a sharp intake of air and starts coughing violently.

And since George is too much of a nice person, he glances over at Sapnap's hacking form and reluctantly pats his back.

“George-- you are so *dumb*. ” The American man chuckles after his coughing fit.

“Now you're just being mean--”

“No, George, you oblivious bitch. We all know you love a *certain* dumbass.”

George groans loudly. Hoping to drown out the sound of his friends' insistently teasing voice with his own. He slapped his palms onto his face, hoping to cover the furious scarlet that began to clamber its way from his neck, to his face.

"Sapnap, please, stop it." He pleaded, his tone thick with embarrassment and shame. "You're literally the *worst* ." He spat his words like acid.

"Hey, hey now. I don't mean to just bully you over it, ok, I'm not that mean. I also want to get you guys together!" Sapnap cheers jovially, blissfully ignoring the whiny sounds emitting from George.

He peeks through the cracks and in-betweens of his fingers to glare murderously at Sapnap.

"Stop joking." He hisses, poison coating his tone. Sapnap flinches ever so slightly at it.

"Dude." Sapnap snarls, his inflection turning genuine at the drop of a dime. He closes the gap between them with a single stride. His hands grasp George's shoulders, clutching them tight as if to ground him for something so world-shakingly shocking.

"I don't know how deep in denial you are, but you need to get this through your head." He states seriously. George immediately shuts up, serious Sapnap was a Sapnap that didn't come out often. "You two are oblivious idiots."

"Sapn--"

"You guys have literally been eye-fucking each other for the past 2 years that I don't even get disgusted by it anymore." Geroge winces at the sharp tone he uses to strengthen his point. "You guys have been dancing around the topic for, *forever* . All because you think the other doesn't feel the same. Well, you're hearing it from me George, the person who has been watching since literally the beginning of this terrible rom-com. He likes you back--"

"Sapnap! Don't make assumptions!" Geroge stammers in a poor attempt to dull the truth.

Something in Sapnap breaks, maybe it's his patience or his restraint. Maybe it's both, either way, he throws all moral ambiguity out the window.

"George. He stares when he thinks nobody else is looking and tries to make it subtle, but it's so, incredibly bad. I don't even know how you *don't* notice it."

"What--"

"He spoils you so damn much. He makes up the most redundant excuses I've ever heard just to

give you money, food, flowers, literally *anything* you want! He sends you gifts randomly just to see you *smile* !"

"Yeah, but--"

"He flew across the *world*. During a pandemic, George. A *pandemic* . To see you."

"Wilbur was there too--"

There's a dwindling line between Sapnap's sanity and George's acute denial. And it's so absurdly close to breaking.

" *George* . George, look at me." Sapnap admonishes sharply. "Think about this, and think about it hard."

And George does. He looks straight into Sapnap's eyes, filled with fire and brimstone and the sheer will to finally get his dullard of a friend to see the point of the conversation already.

"Tell me, has there ever been a time that Dream wasn't there for you? Whether it was for a stream, or when you were lonely. When was there ever a time, where Dream didn't pick up the phone and comforted you? When was there ever a time that he didn't give you everything and more?"

George stood there. Stiff, as he looked at Sapnap with a look akin to pure bewilderment.

When was there a time? He thought.

It never really came to thought before. George really never wanted to look at the big, grand displays of gestures that Dream would do, because it always had some sort of double meaning. So now when it comes to the small, minuscule details, it gives him a sort of whiplash.

In a messily thought out, analogy like way: they are like glasses.

Without them, he can still *see* what's there, although blurry and slightly disfigured. He technically

knew what it was from the outline of it, the figure it casts, and the way it stood, but still unsure. But if he squints his eyes, he can see glimpses of a clearer image. The photo everyone can see perfectly, but for him.

Now it just feels like Sapnap slapped on a pair of glasses on his face.

Late-night stream calls weren't an odd occurrence to George. And Dream joining his midnight discord call wasn't anything out of the ordinary. They've been doing it for years and it's never grown out of routine. George would be online, and next thing you know, Dream was too.

When George was noticeably upset after a stream or day of recording. Dream would always try to make him laugh with stupid builds in Minecraft and corny jokes.

When days were slow and languid, Dream always told him he'd pick up the phone if he needed him. No matter what time, or when. He'd pick up, even if it was at the ass crack of dawn or the earliest of yestermornings. Dream was always on the other line to greet him with a virtual hug and edited cat videos. Always so sincere and gentle.

The simplest act of just giving George his company, in more ways than would extend as a friend. To make time, to integrate George as a daily part of his life. He had given the barbed wire heart that bleeds of devotion and love. He had torn down his walls and made space for George.

And now, with this realization- these glasses Sapnap has given him,

George finally has a reason to say why he loves Dream.

And fuck--

"I love Dream."

George doesn't even notice that he's said it aloud. He's all too distracted by the fact '*oh shit, I've been in love with my best friend for years now I've just been in some hardcore denial*' that Sapnap had smacked him with. Speaking of Sapnap, the taller male looks incredibly relieved. He pumps a fist into the air victoriously.

“Yes, George you do, get with the program.”

“And Dream-- loves *me*?” he whispers, astonished by his self-discovery. Sapnap stands behind him, nodding vigorously.

“Yes, he has you, idiot. And unlike you, he probably figured it out earlier.” Sapnap rolled his eyes. “He may be thick as hell, but at least he’s smart about his feelings.”

George stood there, with a stagnant look of awe and reverence. Cheeks painted bright with the color of saccharine. The corners of his lips tugging into a tentative smile. He probably looked like some dorky teenage boy in love, riding the wave of euphoria that comes with being high off the thought of yearning reciprocated.

In the end, that’s just who Dream and George are. Two, stupid kids in love.

“Holy shit, Sapnap.” George babbled, his hands running through his hair.

“Yes, I know. I am *the* best matchmaker here.” He sighs, dramatically waving his hand at George dismissively.

“But we’re not out of the woods yet, George. There’s still one more thing we must do.” the other man lamented, he strode over to the counter and snatched up his phone.

“And what’s that?” George coaxed as he watched Sapnap fiddle and poke at his phone.

“The face reveals, and you guys finally hitting it off,” he mumbles while carelessly scrolling through his phone.

George’s face darkened again. “Sapnap that’s two thi--”

“*Aha!*” the other male exclaimed loudly. Catching George by surprise. George then proceeds to glare at him, but Sapnap is too busy being absolutely ecstatic to even care about the agitated look George sends over his shoulder.

He promptly skids over to George, thrusting his phone directly in front of George's shocked face. On it, a video plays. Two people sitting in the front of their car while a song that George *swears* he has heard before, but can't remember the name, plays out.

He watches with vague interest as the girl in the video looks at the man at her side with a coy yet shy look. He watches as the guy stares blissfully unaware of what's to come. He watches as the girl slightly tilts his jaw to her, and leans in for a kiss as the high of the song plays off for their happy ending.

He looks down at the caption: “ *kissing my best friend challenge* ”.

He looks back up to Sapnap. Who're eyes gleam with the intent of playing matchmaker. Whose smile is mischievous, but mostly toothy and playful as he looks at George for confirmation.

When was there a time?

George sighs.

“It's in Dream fashion.”

<3

George immediately regrets everything the day after.

Sapnap was the one to tell Dream. It was right on the cusp of the afternoon and evening when Dream just woke up from his 9-hour nap. The Texan man was eager to tell him that they had the uttermost *perfect* idea for a face reveal.

Dream looks like he is equally regretful when they sit on his double couch in the living room of his house wearing a paper plate with a crudely drawn smiley face on it, in his hands. He looks at it

oddly, before returning his gaze to Sapnap who's grin is so wide it would reflect the sun.

"So?" He asks, uncertain.

Sapnap snickers. "This is it! This is the face reveal."

Dream eyes the makeshift mask, fiddling with the thin string that holds it together at the back. He lifts his gaze back at Sapnap, mildly unsurprised. "Then what?"

"Just follow the lead." He makes a motion to Dream to put on the mask.

Sapnap quickly glances over to George, who's awkwardly fidgeting with the bedsheets spread across the couch. He and Dream are about a foot apart from each other, with George occasionally sneaking a very unsubtle glance.

"Why did I trust you with my face reveal again?" Dream mutters under his breath as he fumbles with the dainty piece of string around his head. Even as he manages to finesse it onto his face, it still leaves a good portion of his jaw and chin exposed.

"I can't even see properly!" He shrieks loudly, pointing to the badly cut out holes for eyes that are barely even large enough to fit a quarter. George erupts into a fit of giggles as he watches Dream and Sapnap banter about the latter's terrible craftsmanship.

"Shut up! It's only temporary, geez..." Sapnap sighs, raising his hands in surrender to Dream, who even with the mask covering his eyes, looks noticeably smug.

"Yeah yeah, let's just get this over with it."

George can feel his heart drop to his stomach when he hears that. He knows that Dream must be secretly petrified by the reality of all of this. He's finally going to do it, show everyone the man behind the clever plays and witty replies. He's going to show the world a part of him that he thought, was only reserved for George and his friends.

That doesn't undermine the fact George is absolutely terrified as well.

"Hey," George says softly to Dream, scooting a little bit closer to catch the blonde's ear. "Are you ok?"

George can't see Dream's full expression, but he can tell from the way his jaw clenches, and his body stiffens, that he's brimming with fear and apprehension. George already knew the answer before he asked it, but did so anyway because he wanted to get the impending dread out of both their minds.

Dream turns to him, stupid smiley mask and everything. George can make out the small, quaint smile that graces his lips from underneath the paper plate. "Yeah. I'm just nervous."

George's hands fist the fabric of the couch tightly. He manages a pained, tightlipped grin. "You shouldn't be, they'll love you."

Dream snorts. George can see the way his eyes crinkle from the small holes in his mask. "I hope they do at least."

George nudges him lightly on the side. "What's not to love?"

They better see all the things I love about you.

George is unaware of the look that Dream is giving him right now under the mask. Unaware of the soft gaze and tender smile. He's too preoccupied with staring at Sapnap's figure, as he parades around the house looking for a good place to put the phone camera. George is trying his damn hardest to keep the chaos rattling inside his heart tame.

George fumbles with the sheets of the couch, pulling at its fraying edges and caressing its softness. He feels the friction between his fingers as he starts rubbing it to the point where it starts to singe his skin.

Dream turns to him, looking down at George's shaking hand as it aggressively fidgets with the fabric of his couch. He frowns slightly before putting his hand on top of George's.

George looks up at him, surprised. "What?"

Dream looks at him blankly-- well the stoic face on his mask does at least. Squeezing his hand so it stops fussing with his couch. "I don't get why you're so nervous, it is *my* face reveal," he emphasizes his tone.

George, feeling the comfort of Dream's touch on his skin suddenly soothes him, his hand falling limp in his. "I guess I'm worried about you."

The blonde man snickers softly, "You don't have to be. I'm not when you're here."

He says it so casually, blunt and pensive that it makes George blush. He diverts his gaze away from Dream's, hoping that the other didn't notice his flustered expression.

He always knows what to say, to make George's insides feel like jelly, his knees weak as he collapses inwards on himself.

George opens his mouth- wanting to tell him what he's been dying too. He wants to so badly, just say--

"Got it!" Sapnap interjected happily. He proudly waved off the phone on the counter being held upwards by a mug and some bottles.

George gulped. The angle would make it seem as if it was a candid shot, taken right from Dream's living room, making it appear casual and personal. As if the camera were an actual person watching them.

George turned to Sapnap. Whose smile impish and coy. He gives George a subtle, reassuring nod.

"Alright, the camera's gonna be rolling-- in 3, 2, 1..."

Dream curses loudly. George winces slightly at the fact that he said it so loudly for the camera to catch. He looks to Dream, who's arm crossed against his chest, and the silly paper plate mask on his face makes him look like some sort of adult in a bad cosplay. He has this expectant expression as he waits for Sapnap's signal.

Soon the familiar sounds of a pre-chorus George have been listening to on repeat, plays.

“Baby you’re like lightning in a bottle.”

The music seems to play out of nowhere. George and Dream look around the room only to see the trail Sappnap had left after he had sprinted out the moment the song started.

“I can’t let you go now that I got it.”

Dream puts two and two together. The camera that’s pointed at them from the kitchen counter. The music that plays from the speaker. And the way that George squeezes his hand so tight that it feels as if he’s cutting his blood flow.

Dream turns to him, alarmingly fast. His mask hanging off lopsidedly from his face. He stares at George with a look of pure perplexity. For once in his life he is speechless. Unprepared and vulnerable for what’s to come.

Is this what he thinks it is? Is this even real?

He always knew what to do in critical situations. With quick thinking and fast reaction time, he knew his way around every situation. Always ready, always prepared.

Unless it came to George. He was never prepared when it came to George.

“And all I need is to-”

The Brit looks like a deer caught in the headlights. Stuck in a frame moving too fast. The look in his eye is unsure, yet characteristically bold. He manages a bashful smile as the song blares out in the background of *their* moment.

The camera in the corner of the room can be damned. All he wanted was George’s eyes on him.

“This is so stupid,” George mutters softly as he hesitantly inches closer to Dream on the couch. Dream takes this as a response to slowly snake his arms around George’s waist. He hums, relishing in the warmth the smaller man is radiating.

“Well, this is in *Dream Fashion* .”

George can barely contain the smile that breaks off across his face so beautifully.

“*Be stuck, by,-*”

“Do you want this?” George whispers into Dream’s ear. His hand fiddling with the small hairs of the nape of Dream’s neck, tentatively brushing his lips against his.

George unravels the thin string at the back of his head. His paper plate mask falling onto his lap.

The camera on the counter can be damned. The people watching this can scream, riot, and hate him all they want. The shy, pure unadulterated happiness he feels right now makes all his former worries seem pointless.

Dream melts into his touch. For George, he’d give every single bit of him. Every childhood memory, every scar that crossed his body, every single broken part of him that he wanted to fix. He can take everything he has, all laid out for him to see.

He’s always wanted this.

“More than anything.”

“*Your electric love*”

Dream leans in,

The British man can feel the way Dream smiles into the kiss, how his lips move in unison to his. The static under skin hums, sending sparks between them as they share the sweetest of embraces.

They feel like lost puzzle pieces coming together, scraped under dust and ruin.

He's been in love with this man for years. And just now does he know it for sure.

Liking Dream is easy, but loving him feels like a part of George is coming home.

He feels like home, George thinks. Lips slightly chapped, as their noses bump together awkwardly. It's messy, but it's theirs. It's theirs and that's all that matters.

Loving Dream is easy.

"Baby your electric love."

In the end, both Dream and George thank Sapnap. Who posts the video online with the simple caption of; *"kissing my best friend challenge, the closest thing you'll get to the vlog."* and the internet promptly explodes.

End Notes

insert keyboard smash

yall.

-first off, congrats 10 mil dream, this probably wont age well bc mans is dominating yt rn. very pog

-second, the singers au chapter 4 will be postponed update to this saturday or sunday (sept 20) bc online classes are a pain in the ass

-i might write another little oneshot, or a multi chapter idk. something smth dteam royalty au or a mafia au

-or if some rlly big dnf moment happens, expect me to be opening my docs

-this is so bad yall, im sorry I crammed so hard on this one. i needed to post this before I

started working on chapter 4 bc god forbid I ever multi task. This is super rushed, istg i
write better than this I swear
-i would kill for this to actually happen tho
-thank u for actually reading the notes lmao XD

u can find me on tumblr @qekyo

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